

# CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 3

FEBRUARY 2, 1928

No. 7

## Interviews With Prom Committees

### Committee Chairman

"The Prom involves as much work as a Charity Ball"—thus Lillian Allis, that very blond and attractive person, muses.

But let us listen in on the entertainment in store for us!

"The receiving line will be in the Green Parlors about eight-thirty p. m. This will be followed at nine p. m. with a dance which will last until two a. m.

On Saturday afternoon there will be a tea dance from three p. m. to five-thirty p. m. in the dining room. At approximately six-thirty dinner will be served to be followed with movie entertainment in the auditorium. The guests will be permitted to visit Sunday afternoon.

"Though I have to be on the go all the time, I enjoy it. I know the girls look forward to the Prom. It's the biggest event of the year and, naturally, I want it to be successful. I have very co-operative committees and that helps lots."

You have to hand it to Lil Allis. Acting as chairman of all the committees is no small job. All the responsibility rests on her head—and there surely are enough responsibilities. We all know, that with her at the head, the success of the Prom is assured. Here's to Lil Allis!

### Entertainment Committee

A great part of the success of our Prom, or of any Prom, depends of course, upon the orchestra, and to get a good orchestra you must select an able chairwoman for the music committee. They positively did the latter when they chose Kay Hart and forsooth, they have the former.

"Yes, I've engaged a very good orchestra. It comes from Penn. It's very popular, we were very fortunate in getting them." So said Miss Hart. She smiled and peeked over glasses which fail to hide those mysterious, dreamy eyes even through the post office cage.

"We will have them for both the dances, six pieces at the Prom and three at the tea dance. We plan to have a few specialty numbers but we don't know yet what they will be."

Now, you Beaver Prom Trotters, aren't you glad you're going?

### Refreshment Committee

Dot Mirtz is chairman of the Refreshment Committee of the Prom. Under her supervision the refreshments will be a feature. When asked to give some information concerning them, Dot Mirtz was quite enthusiastic.

"We have decided upon cold refreshments served in buffet style. I'm sure that this new arrangement will be favorable. At least, I hope so. It will be very informal."

### Decoration Committee

Imagine being on the dance floor of a Palm Beach hotel that overlooks the ocean, an orchestra in a shell-shaped cove, a court and a fountain at one end of the floor and ships slowly gliding by—such atmosphere will be accorded the dancers during the Prom.

Beaver will have a complete transformation in that it will represent a Palm Beach hotel which goes hand in hand with that soothing, southern atmosphere. Wicker furniture will be placed about the lobby lending much effect. What original ideas!

All the credit must go to Jane Spaeter, the very artistic and clever miss, who is chairman of the Committee of Decorations.

"With my very capable staff of Virginia Henry, Kay Downs and Adelaide Arnsten how could the decorations be other than successful? The work is rather trying but ever so enjoyable. When we see Beaver thus transformed, our efforts will be fully rewarded."

Surely the decorations hold much promise and when they are completed, not one of us will be disappointed.

### Favor Committee

Nancy smiled, "No I'm not on the refreshment committee, it's the favor committee," and Nancy smiled some more. "Haven't you seen the favors? They're good-looking. It's a brown suede cigarette box, cedar lined. The Beaver seal is in the upper left hand corner. We liked them as soon as we saw them and after we had looked over all the rest of their favors we came back to these cigarette boxes and decided on them. I guess that's all I can tell you about them. Do you want the list of patrons and chaperones? Come up to my room and I'll give it to you."

By the way isn't Nancy Cook the goodnaturedest girl you ever knew? And doesn't she have the goodnaturedest smile you ever saw? She took us 'way up to her room and found that the list was not there. "It must be in Lil's room, I'll get it." So she smiled her way over to Lil's room, got the list and dictated it to us.

"I think we'll have a good crowd. One hundred and twenty-five have already signed up and there are always a lot who decide the last minute."

And Nancy smiled.

### PROM DATES

The tall, good-looking date  
The short, unromantic date  
The date whose tux does not fit  
The date who tugs at his collar  
The kaydet date  
The wise-cracking date  
The blind date—(nuff said!)  
The high hat date  
The nervous date  
The innumerable nondescript dates  
Your own date

G. H.

### Greatest Prom Trotter

He's coming to the Beaver Prom! His dances are all taken already! Who? My dear! Don't tell us you haven't heard the news! Why Geoffrey Gaylord, to be sure—the greatest of Prom Trotters!

Out of a great national Prom Trotters' contest held by prominent college prom committees, he was chosen the handsomest, the most charming, and the best dancer of any man yet born!

Who is dragging him? Ah, far



be it from us to impart that information. This most fortunate young lady would be besieged with all sorts of offers from now until the prom night, if we were to disclose her name! Verily, verily we believe that she could sell one dance with him for the net sum of one month's allowance, if she would.

After a great deal of difficulty the Campus Crier has secured a photo of this wonder man so that those who couldn't dance with him could treasure his picture after the prom. Clip it and take to the dance for identification—but how silly!—no one could possibly miss him, this marvel of the age.

### WHO SAYS ROMANCE IS DEAD

Gleam of a silver slipper,  
Swirl of a filmy gown,  
Wide eyes seeking, seeking,  
Slowly she came down

The well-worn old stairway  
Trailing a silken shawl;  
Then at last she saw him  
Awaiting her, straight and tall.

Was it a tryst in Arcady  
Or a scene from some old ballade?  
No—merely meeting the boy-  
friend

For the Annual Promenade!

G. H.

### TRIOLET

If you BEAVER-y good I PROM-ise  
you  
That I shall have a treat for you.  
If you BEAVER-y good I PROM-ise  
you.  
You will not want for something  
new  
If you BEAVER-y good I PROM-  
ISSUE.

Florence Fugelman.

### Palm Tree Prom

The "floating university," Ryndam, paused on its round-the-world tour for a three days stay in Manila. The city was over-run with college students. Never before in the history of the country had such a swarm of snappy, cane-carrying collegiates descended upon its tropical shores. They paraded the streets, infested the clubs, and were gayly entertained by the Army and Navy crowd.

Their last night happened to be the night of the biggest celebration of the year. Twelve thousand miles away the Army and Navy game was being played in Chicago, and we, in our distant city, turned out to celebrate the occasion. The dance floor of the Army and Navy club had been transformed into a miniature football field. On one side the cheering Army crowd tried to drown out the strains of "Anchors Aweigh," arising from the other. There was a moment's excited silence and then a burst of applause as the inevitable goat and mule were led in.

The college orchestra from the Ryndam replaced the usual native one. How wonderful to hear all the latest pieces and real jazz again!

An officer took the floor and announced through his megaphone, "The first returns report the Army leading 3-0!" Cheers and a snake-line followed, while the Navy replied with, "NAV-ee, NAV-ee, fight, team, FIGHT!"

Mingling with the crowd, and grouped in stag formation, were

(Continued on Page 6)

### Basketball Results

Beaver College defeated Philadelphia College of Osteopathy 31-9 on the Osteopathy floor on Wednesday, January 18.

Beaver College defeated Pottstown Boehler Lassies 30-17, at Beaver on Friday evening, January 27.

Revised basketball schedule for Beaver College:

Friday, January 27—Pottstown—Here, 8.00 p. m.

Thursday, February 2—Moravian—there, 4.00 p. m.

Wednesday, February 8—Pottstown Y. W.—here, 9.00 p. m.

Friday, February 10—Cedar Crest—here, 4.30 p. m.

Friday, February 17—N. Y. U.—there, 4.00 p. m.

Saturday, February 18—Newark Normal—there, 3.00 p. m.

Tuesday, February 21—Pottstown Y. W.—there, 8.00 p. m.

Friday, February 24—Drexel—here, 4.30 p. m.

Tuesday, February 28—Ursinus—here, 4.00 p. m.

Friday, March 2—West Phila.—here, 7.30 p. m.

Wednesday, March 7—Rosemont—there, 4.00 p. m.

Friday, March 9—Cedar Crest—there, 4.00 p. m.

Friday, March 16—Moravian—here, 7.00 p. m.

Thursday, March 23—Ursinus—there, 4.00 p. m.



## Campus Crier

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### Prom Issue

#### Lecture vs. Discussion

Dr. Goodwin B. Watson and Dr. Ralph B. Spence, professors in Teachers College of Columbia University, have just announced the results of an experiment conducted by them, which they hold, proves to their satisfaction that the lecture method is superior to the discussion in teaching college students.

"During the first semester, the students who were having lectures forged ahead of those who were having discussions," Dr. Spence said, "and during the second semester the students in the lecture group regained the lost ground."

Some contend that this experiment is not an argument for lectures, but for smaller classes, since they used only sixty in each group. We also are of the opinion that it was the smaller classes which made the experiment successful.

Small classes are one of the decided advantages of Beaver.

#### Are You Doing Your Best?

At the end of a semester it is the tendency for little groups to get together and discuss or look back over what they have done during the semester.

One student says, "I probably could have gotten better grades, but I did better than anyone else, so I'm satisfied."

Another student says, "Well, I just got by, but I guess I'm rather lucky at that."

A third student complains, "Well, I haven't studied so much; however, I deserved a better grade than Jane."

Are these girls reviewing their accomplishments in the right light? No, they are not. Students, ask yourselves, "Have I done my best without complaining?" If you can answer "Yes" I have," then you are accomplishing a great deal.

Real accomplishments can not be measured by numerical values as set down by any instructor. Numerical grades are merely means of classifying knowledge for the school's benefit.

One student might be capable of doing better work than another, so do not compare your grades with those of another student. Compare the work you are doing with the best that you can do.

The pursuit of knowledge is a worth-while task. Now that you are beginning a new semester, start in with the plan to do your best work. Work for the knowledge you can gain, not for the grades. If you do your best then you are bestowing on yourself one of the greatest of gifts.

#### College Standards

One of the hardest problems that concerns a college girl is the problem of living with people. Until she has come to college her ways of living are greatly influenced by others, especially older persons. It is in college that she begins to consider how she will mold her life and what stands she will take in the future.

Frankness is one of the essential qualities in making yourself a worth while member of society. Frankness does not mean saying anything that presents itself to your mind, but frankness of purpose.

The world needs leaders, the bigger and better kind, and for this reason alone college girls should resolve to take definite stands concerning prominent questions. The average citizen changes with the wind. This age needs college students and educated persons as leaders who study the situations first then hold true to their convictions.

Another point is consideration of the feelings of others. A college student learns not to condemn readily.

Valuation is a point that the college girl can learn. There are so many worthwhile things that women overlook and so many worthless things that they overestimate. In the study of how to live with people an educated person has a chance to learn values—and a true sense of value is the first step in choosing worthwhile companions.

A. D. Lasker recently gave a million dollars to the University of Chicago to be used toward lengthening human life, and he could get quicker results by enlarging the Chicago police force.

#### Can You Concentrate?

"Cramming factories", overemphasis of memory work and outside activities were attacked as the outstanding evils of the American system of education by Prof. Andre Morize, of Harvard University, in his address before members of the Friday Morning Club of the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters.

Referring to the "ticklish questions of modern American education," the professor said the colleges throughout the country are today facing a crisis. "We have come to a point," he said, "where too much specialization in study and too many outside activities have become dangerous."

"I have never yet," he continued "seen an intelligence test which actually tested intelligence. I make this statement after having just completed a survey of three of our best-known institutions of higher education. We are losing sight of good old-fashioned common sense. It is getting to be an unheard of thing, but we would be wise to return to it as soon as possible."

"The young people of today cannot concentrate. The usual case, I have found, is that no more than twelve hours a week is spent in study. Outside activities in the modern university are amazing. For about a week before the 'big game' the average student does no work, nor does he do any for a day or so afterward."

The modern practice of passing examinations by going to a "cramming factory" is wrong, according to the professor. "There has been too much emphasis on this memory business. The modern student is taught, usually to memorize rather than to use his brains."

#### Latest Murder Case

"Have you any last words?"

"I am glad that I did this thing"

These were the words uttered in Sing-Song prison at the execution of Miss Beaver Bark. The young girl seemed very calm as she entered the Death Chamber. Thru'out the trial Miss Bark, pleading guilty to the murder of one of her classmates, repeated these words: "I am not sorry I did it."

#### The Case Is Very Unusual

On January 17, Miss Bark surrendered her self to the police saying that she had just murdered Miss Average Student. After being questioned as to the cause, Miss Bark confessed that she had committed the deed because Miss Student was one of a number that had said to her the words: "Your old paper" referring to the "Dampier Drier" the college comics for which Miss Bark wrote.

Miss Bark is survived by the remainder of the Dampier Drier staff which mourns the martyr.

K. Clark

#### TO JO TIMID

Dear Jo:

Well! well! After numerous contributions to the Campus Crier you still successfully conceal your identity. How do you do it? How much longer are you going to keep us in suspense? We like your stuff and we know we will like you. Set the date when you will unmask.

THE STAFF

#### Vox Fem

We liked the story, "Locust Valley Item," appearing in the last issue of the Crier. May we venture to say, however, that we think it would have been much more effective with a shorter introduction. We must confess that after scanning the first few paragraphs we never would have finished it if we hadn't had a lot of time on our hands and nothing to do with it. The story itself was too good to be spoiled by this.

How about changing the wording of the Social news items? We get tired reading the same things all the time.

#### A Day Student

(Ed. Note. Yes, we would be glad to change them. Suggest a few things and drop them in the Contribution Box across from the P. O.)

#### After the Ball

The Beaver prom is over  
Jorn's whistle is no more  
The campus pictures only girls;  
Life is such a bore!

The music of the dance night  
His words, his glance, his sigh  
Are only memories of the past  
And days go slowly by.

Life once more is humdrum  
To Jenkintown they go  
And drown their awful sorrow  
In sodas—guess you know.

#### The Beaver Type

"We grow to resemble the people we live with," said Dr. Andrew Johnson, head of educational department of a well known insurance company, in an address to Beaver College recently.

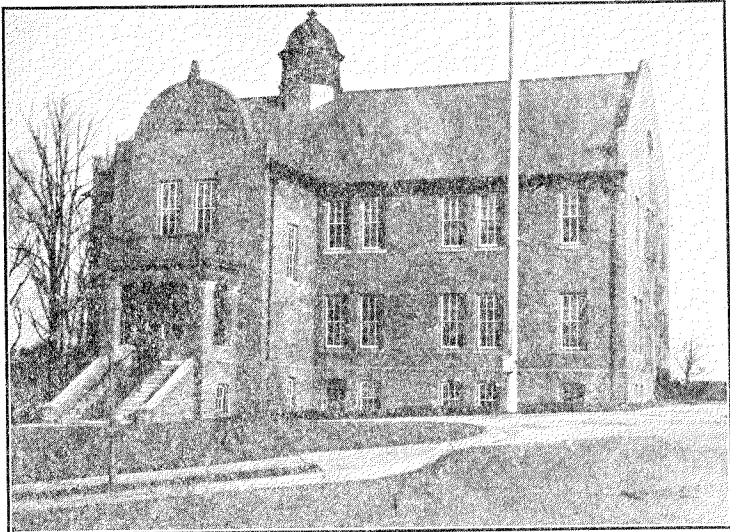
"Take any aged couple—no matter how much they differed at first, through long years of constant association they have grown alike both in feature and in characteristics."

Dr. Johnson's statement, looked at in a slightly different light, applies to the problem of college life. Girls thrown together day after day are apt to become alike, in dress, fads, habits and personality. It is up to the individual whether she absorbs the good or bad qualities of her associates.

The Vassar girl has a certain stamp, a quality of mind that is easily recognized. Her honor and ideals are of the highest.

What kind of college stamp has Beaver? Are the students striving to absorb and reflect the finest characteristics of their surroundings? What traditions are they establishing for a future Beaver?

## Hike Picture to Be Clipped and Located



**Pirates to Make Girl Walk the Plank Next Monday. Stay of Execution Granted so that she May Enjoy Another of the Campus Crier Hikes Before She Dies.—(News Item).**

So interesting have the hikes grown that one girl, in the face of death, begged as a last request that she be allowed to take the hike which we prepared for this issue. We hope you'll enjoy it as much as she did.

It was quite cloudy when we set out but our enthusiasm did instead of the sun. We went down West avenue, passed the Bell Telephone Company and came to Township Line, parallel to the Wanamaker estate. Continuing along this we found ourself out on Old York Road. Turning to the right here we followed the car tracks through Elkins Park until we reached Spring Avenue.

Let us turn here and see where it leads to. Look out for the children on roller skates—you'll find them thick and furious along here. When we reach the Elkins Park station we bear left under the railway bridge. We pass Barons Drug store—after stopping long enough for refreshments—and then take our first turn to the left—Montgomery Avenue. At length this brings us back on Old York Road—which we follow until we reach Jenkintown center.

Follow this hike and you too can die happy!

### BETWEEN US MORONS

My DEAR, did you SEE the Opera, last night? It was ACTUALLY GRUESOME—what I mean is—this perfectly ADORABLE Japenses skirt married hts sort of LUMP of a SOLDIER. Anyhow he trotted off with this other dame and she committedteed SUICIDE—I mean, she REALLY did. Well, my dear, I honestly didn't see half the show on account of being absolutely BLIND with rage. RIGHT at the VERY most STIRring moment, when the heroine was getting ready to sort of STAB herself, one of these PERFECTly common people began to clap—my dear, he really did. I never was so MORTified in my WHOLE life—I mean, wouldn't you feel like rolling right under the seat!!! Some folks just HAVE to let people know that they appreciate art or something simply OUT of place at an affair like that. Can you bear it? Atrocious taste, you know what I mean—it sounds pleBIAN—I mean it REALLY does.

Jo Timid

### A FAIRY TALE

Now Johnny was a clever lad, a clever lad was he;  
He came from Rutgers to the prom and a bright idea had he!  
He went into a jewelry shop and bought a diamond ring,  
He thought he'd give it to his girl; it was a pretty thing.  
He created much excitement, but then his girl said "Oh,  
I wouldn't like a diamond ring, wouldn't take it—don't you know."

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### "The Barker"—Kenyon Nicholson

This is the novelization of the Broadway theatrical success and makes few pretentions to the special graces of narrative fiction.

There are thrilling stretches of dramatically effective dialogue, resulting in a realistic enough picture of life among the employees of the Gowdy Big City Shows. It is a circus yarn of Nifty Miller, the spieler; Carrie, the dancer (alias Princess Kalina) as well as the sawdust idyll of Nifty's boy and Lou, the hardboiled snake charmer.

### Lights Up—Grace S. Richmond

Joan Dare is a lovely Westchester tomboy, packing a gun and a police dog in her sport car, underneath which camouflage she conceals a tender heart. During the absence of her artist parents in Paris, she helps Peggy Faulkner to marry Lane Fullerton, publisher and critic then for herself considers Bob Ramsey, a poet and playwright, only to fall deeply in love with Christopher Rand, builder. Much interest is aroused by the fact that Christopher feels kindly towards a pretty English miss, but this is a popular romance; therefore, the desired ending. Country scenes, dialogue, theatricals, and trips to town all contribute towards making the story entertaining. M. Hartzell

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## Have You Heard That--

Helen Geffken and Miss Gertrude Schwenker will spend the week end of February 10 at Miss Schwenker's home in Philadelphia.

Ruth Richardson will spend the week end at her home in New York.

Margaret Diack will spend the week end of the 14th at her home in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Margaret G. Ressit will spend the week end at her home in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dorothy Robinson spent the week end of January, 27 at her home in East Orange, New Jersey.

Mary Berry spent the week end of January 27th at her home in Rye-New York.

Ruth Rutledge will spend the week of the 27th at her home in Johnstown, Penna. Miss Phil Losee will be her guest.

Milly Storch will spend part of the week end at her home and part at the S. P. E. house party at Lehigh.

Lottie Malone, (Lotties' new name is Pug.) will spend the week end at her home in Bedminster.

Dottie Brown, from Allentown will spend part of the time at her home and part at the Formal at Mehlenberg.

Dottie Wuchter will spend the week end in Philadelphia.

Pete Rutledge is planning to spend the week end at Dobbs Ferry, N. J.

Lilian Castle spent the week end of the 20th at her home in Brooklyn.

Miss Lilian Allis will lead the figure at the Beaver Prom on the night of February 10.

Marjory Murray spent the week end at the home of her aunt in Philadelphia.

### Dr. Cutler At Tea

Rev. H. Lewis Cutler, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Wyncote, was speaker at the Y. W. C. A. tea given on Wednesday afternoon, January 18, in the green parlors.

"In College life, even though the Christian girl walks alone, she must lead the Christian life and refuse to imitate the un-Christian" said Mr. Cutler.

Mr. Cutler's sincerity and frankness appealed to the students. Everything he said was spoken from the bottom of his heart.

The officers of the club are: President, Amelia Morgan; vice president, Sally Wright; secretary Helen Smith; treasurer, Gertrude Clarke.

The Y. W. C. A. was started two years ago and has recently had a membership drive, bringing the total membership to 150.

### You Know How It Is

Dear Mother:

This is to let you know that I am well and happy and that I was awfully glad to get your last letter.

You'd be surprised if you knew how hard some of us are studying. Why some of us never even go to town. Of course, last week I had to. Aunt Tillie asked me to come in for the week-end and she suggested that I look around for a dress. You see our Annual Prom is about to come off. Of course, if you don't want me to have a new dress I won't get one but you know how it is. Everybody wears them. I mean new ones. Of course, I could get my old one cleaned. But they ruin them sometimes, and I couldn't send it home because it's so late now. You see it will be the week-end of February 10.

Your obedient daughter,

Snoosie.  
F. E.

### From an 18th Century Etiquette Book

She who wishes to win a heart should never permit her admirers to behold her at cards, as the anxiety they produce is destructive to beauty as well as sentiment.

If a lady is asked to sing for the group, she must do so willingly and modestly. She must not, however, sing more than two or three songs, and must not sing songs descriptive of masculine passion or sentiment.

—When alone with him, a lady may address her husband by his Christian name.—

If either a lady or a gentleman

is invited to take wine at table, they must never refuse; it is very gauche to do so.

If a lady waltz with you, beware not to press her waist; lightly touch it with the open palm lest you leave a disagreeable impression not only on her costume but on her mind.

—Married ladies ought to be very careful about shaking hands promiscuously; as it leads to scandal.—Compiled by The Springfield Union "from a book of etiquette of ninety years ago."

### Dancers

Dancers of every size, shape or figure;  
Dancers who can dance and do;  
Dancers who try to dance and can't;  
Dancers who toil and perspire;  
Dancers who glide;  
Snaky dancers.

Dancers who tread on their partner's feet;  
Dancers who hum off-key in your ear;  
Dancers who sing the wrong words to the right tunes;  
Dancers who gallop and jig;  
Dancers in love—  
Natural dancers.

Jo Timid

### Prom-inent

Katherine Sheets, William Smith, Dickinson.

Martha Burk, F. M. Wills, Penns Grove, N. J.

Peg Dunn, Edward Lawrence, Lehigh.

Nance Cooke, Richard Hoffman, Jefferson.

Lyndell Eckert, Ben Millard, Jefferson.

Charlotte Millard, Dave Findley, Jefferson.

Dottie Robinson, Walter Smith, Newark.

Peggy Parry, Pierce Bingham, Allentown, Pa.

Babs MacGahn, George Johnston, Pittsburgh.

Kit Wade, Doc Johnson, Jefferson.

Eloise Paige, Wid Lewis, Pittsburg.

Gert Jones, Chiz Walker, Wyoming Sem.

Eleanor Frank, Jack Coryell, Beta, Penn State.

Edith Gleason, Lester Olson, Morrisville.

Dorothy Brevoort, Edward Hopper, Columbia.

Caddie Merritt, Llewellyn C. Martin, Penn.

P. J. Losee, Louis Fimian, Lehigh.

Frances Kaymen, Bob Redman, Swarthmore.

Betty Bralloor, Bob Halvestadt, Haverford.

Thelma Sykes, Dr. Vreeland.

Lyn Grenier, Dr. Wallace Deckson.

Mary Calhoun, Bradford Abernethy.

Mary Frances Hedrick, Alec Daragh, Stylus, M. I. T.

Ruth Marie Jones, Ernest Kent, Jr.

Lois Whitehouse, George Lucas, Gettysburg.

Jeannette Plummer, Bruce Cashmore.

Evelyn Machell, Pete Wallace, Dickinson.

Hazel Grubb, Robert Lowery, Jefferson.

Kay Weaver, Leslie Hendrickson, Norristown.

L. Rosenbauer, Tom Harris.

Esther Schadt, Warner Hunter, Penn U.

Pat Deibler, William Allison, Woodlawn, Pa.

Gert Landis, Woodbury, N. J.

Ruth Corneilson, Donald Ervin.

Christine Bushman, Clifford Gustafson, Wisconsin.

Ermina Johnson, Jack Wulkes.

Dottie Smith, Harold Heist.

Ruth Hartman, R. Woods Fentress.

Gretchen Weis, Denny Shea, New York.

Regina Larson, Albert Schultz.

Mary Jane Kearney, Edward Gerwig.

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### Hike Notes

Are you hiking? Do you realize that the mileage of every hike you take is set down in Betty Welles' little black book? And in the spring if you have a hundred miles, you will be presented with a big red "B" to put on the front of your favorite sweater. Also the hundred miles are a hundred points toward Penthalon.

The prizes for the Contest are on display in the Post Office. Get your back copies of the Crier from the News Bureau—they will be free as long as they last—and begin today! Find the exact location of the scene which accompanies each hike and turn in your correct answers.

Drop your name in the Crier Box near the post office for listing.

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# LITERARY DEPARTMENT

## Voodoo !

Rosalie Allen and Dorothy Green were the bitterest enemies, the deadly kind that greets each other on the street as "Dearie"; the type that has caused Irvin Cobb to ask why a woman invariably meets another woman with a degree of cordiality which is in inverse proportion to her affection for that woman. But today Dot felt in a kindly mood toward the entire world and especially toward Rosalie, for despite Rosalie's accepted leadership in the social world of the little college town where they lived, and despite her decided advantage in beauty, attire and wealth, she, Dorothy Green, was going to the Prom, THE Prom, with Bob Layman. And did not everyone consider Bob the catch of the college? She hadn't been asked as yet, but that fact caused no cloud to cover even a portion of the sky, for had not the great Ahmed who had been unblushingly taking from her for weeks back the whole of her allowance, assured her of it? She was as sure of that bid as of the rising of the sun. The great Ahmed had told her many accurate things about her past and present and was most certainly able to read the future. And then there remained before the date of the Prom just exactly three weeks, each with seven days, any one of which might be the day when Bob would call her.

This news was too glorious to break to Rosalie without a large and appreciative audience, so Dorothy staged the drama for that afternoon when the girls were grouped around the soda fountain. Very casually she dropped the bomb which was to shake the foundations of society in general. The sensation was very satisfying except for the baffling expression on the face of Rosalie. It was perfectly evident that she was just green-eyed with jealousy, but why couldn't she play fair and show it more plainly? She said nothing, a phenomenon which was absolutely unparalleled.

During the next three weeks Dorothy's entire attention was centered in assembling an outfit which would be worthy of Bob Layman. She chose a beautiful shade of green which harmonized well with her rather unattractive eyes and hair. So serene was she that she hardly noticed the passage of time. Each day dawned with the assurance that Bob would call and each day closed without his having called.

There was much speculation on the part of the girls concerning the decorations of the gym since the secret was guarded with great care by the boys whose privilege it was to transform it into a bower of loveliness. From its depths the sound of hammers could be heard, but its doors were closed to all but the initiate. The only cloud on Dorothy's happiness was Rosalie's reticence in regard to her escort. Questioning the other girls did no good; it was obvious that Rosalie had some

great surprise that she was going to spring at the last minute.

Finally the day of the Prom dawned fair and cloudless. Excitement ran high. Bob still had not called but Dorothy was still confident that she would see the interior of the gym that night. Another visit to Ahmed had strengthened her expectation. The hours slowly passed and then it was time to dress. Very hopefully she arrayed herself in the new green dress and then sat her down to wait. The ticking of the clock annoyed her, the sound of cars going past the house annoyed her, noise of any description annoyed her, and when she finally heard the faint strains of a violin, her heart missed several beats. Surely Bob would come now! She had thoroughly convinced herself by this time that Bob had been so determined to take her that he thought he had asked her. Surely he would come now! He must come!

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the walk, but by great effort she forced herself to remain where she was until the sound of the doorbell shattered the stillness. Then she rushed to the door and opened it - - - she clutched at thin air - - - the great Ahmed! And merely a deliverer of telegrams by night! Automatically she signed the paper and took the telegram which was not even for her. Before she closed the door a couple went strolling down the street, and the unmistakable cadences of Bob's voice mingling with the tinkle of Rosalie's laughter came to her ears.

A. Ryder.

## STILL LIFE

Ruddy sheen of a copper bowl  
Flame high-lights, rich umber shadows  
A small jade Bhudda  
Curiously carved  
And a slim exotic black candle  
In an old silver candlestick  
These repose upon a drift of smoke-blue velvet  
And I, with paint and brushes  
Labor to fix on canvas  
The mysterious meaning  
And subtle significance  
Of a bowl and a Bhudda  
And a slim black candle.

G. H.

Miss Ruth N. Mills, director of the Educational Bureau for The Delineator and Miss Griffin, of the same department for Vogue, were visitors at the College during the last month.



## A PROM-MISS OR A PROMISE

"Stuart, I promised nothing of the kind. You do not realize what you are saying."

"Clotile, you did. At the last Prom in June you said you would and now you say I don't know what I'm talking about."

"Stuart—please be sensible. You know right now you couldn't even —"

"Shhh! Here comes Ivan Welch. He said he wanted to meet you. He's our foot-ball captain, you know. And a woman-hater, if there ever was one!"

"Hello, Van. How's things? Why —ah—" (turning to introduce the couple, but to his astonishment the woman-hater and the woman were already talking and with a good handicap, were racing up the track of common understanding in the meet of Youth versus Youth. Now Stuart was by no means old. But he had that tired look that some men have at Annual Proms. It isn't that they don't wear the right kind of shoes, or that the popular collar at the popular price has wilted, but men are men and that can not be altered or changed.

Van did next what you would expect a labeled women-hater to do. He lit a match very nicely, as he had seen it done in the movies last night, and then he took out a cigarette and lit it, but before blowing out the flame, gazed into Clotile's eyes in splendid movie fashion. But Van was so sincere about it. He wasn't conscious of the fact that he was imitating another. He knew only that he loved this girl.

Now Clotile was wondering about this man "who had never loved." She couldn't picture him as a stag at every Annual Prom. So she breathed to herself a promise. With Clotile it would have to be a promise. Otherwise she would forget her original intentions. She did so many things at so many times. She was the type of a girl who upon looking at her wardrobe would select a stunning model in blue and say to it, "Let's go down-street together". Clotile was very tall and slim and looked well always. But Van is talking so we must go on with the story.

"Perhaps if we danced—" his voice trailed off in a suggestive if questioning tone. "Dream Kisses, Dream Kisses," the orchestra was squawking. So off they went. By the time they were once around the ball room everybody knew they were in love or intended to be or were struggling with their own lines. Clotile was the thing as far as Annual Proms went and as for Van. Well, he was popular but he did hate women! Young couples stared.

Now if you were Clotile and someone you know was Van and someone else was Stuart what would you do? If the situation arises at the Beaver Prom, settle your affair and let me know about it.

Florence Engelman

Prom man, dance man  
Handsomest thing in town  
Was it really just for me  
You travelled the long way down?

Handsome man, tall and straight  
Eyes like a young Greek god  
You made a dance a dream waltz  
And not a weary plod.

The night is over, the dance is done

The day of days is gone;  
Prom man, dance man,  
Your memory lingers on.

## REFLECTIONS OF A SOFA

I know the piano's laughing  
Because I'm old and thin;  
But he is but a youngster  
Who likes to sit and grin.

I know I am not handsome  
And have seen better days;  
But age should be respected  
In spite of foolish ways.

My mind goes back to yesterday  
When courtships were in style,  
When Tom went up to Mary's house  
And later down the aisle.

They always sat on my old lap,  
And talked of health and weather  
Then after all the folks retired  
They used to spoon together.

Those times have changed, as all things do,  
And I am out of date,  
But I will keep these things in mind  
And I will laugh at Fate.

Peryll Preuss

## Rendezvous

The Maiden in frills and ruffles of lace,  
With much-powdered nose and bright-colored face;  
The youth with his tux all stiffened and neat,  
In perfect attire from his head to his feet.  
Together they sway, their dance-steps in rhyme  
They are both stepping out with the newest jazz-time.  
Do you know where they are?—  
Just take a good stare!  
Why they're at our Prom. Shall I look for you there?

Tommy Thomas.

## Like Unto Caesar

From the southern climes of Florida  
And the northern shores of Maine  
From the east and from the west  
To Beaver's prom they came

Tall ones and short ones  
Thin and fair and fat  
Light hair, dark hair  
Eyes blue and brown and black

They came in spiffy roadster  
They came in trolley car  
They came upon the railroad train  
And some walked from afar.

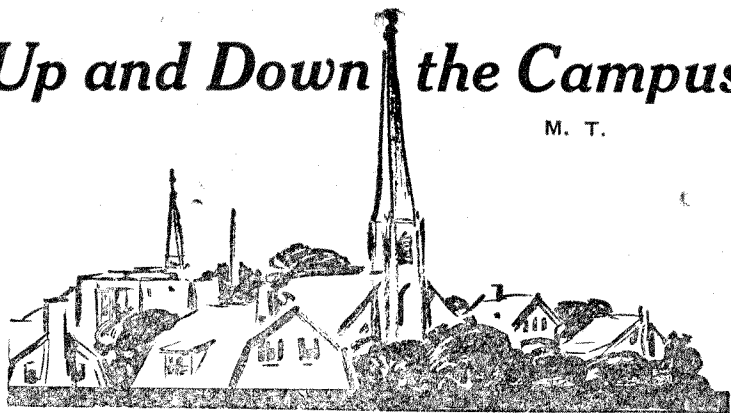
The night of Beaver's prom arrived  
The men were all in line  
Each lady fair met her hero there  
And had the bestest time!

And after the ball is over  
And the tea dance and the show  
The prom men must go back again  
That of course you know

Then there will be engagements  
And "Jimmy's such a dear"  
There will be sighs and sobs and cries  
And "Why can't Jack be here."

# Up and Down the Campus

M. T.



The English language has marvelous possibilities. We were told on Tuesday that assignments for Crier work were to be given on Tuesday morning instead of Monday night because "nobody comes last night."

Highland House reached the brilliant conclusion that a "fire-distinguisher" would have helped Sunday night's little conflagration in Wyncote.

Dr. Thomas has added a new incentive to study and recitation. He will give a raisin—he said so—to the best performer. The next award should be a cake of yeast.

Dr. Martin has again commented on the fact that some girls are "so eager for knowledge." The students seems to

have a peculiar desire to get to class early on test days. We really can't understand it.

Due to the fact that one of the proctors was called before Board when she failed to keep quiet the girls who were doing reducing exercises, we think it would be a good idea to organize a reducing class in gym or to put sound-proof floors in all the buildings.

Even House Presidents are called before Board. But this time, and the only time in the history of the Board, said Board didn't have a chance to get a word in!

We are still wrothy over the printer's mistake in our front page spread last issue. The printer said to say what we had to say and he would take it with the proper meekness.

## THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE

(With Apologies)

My DEAR! I was all a-twitter! I could have rolled over and buttered myself with Glee. Joe asked me to the Yale Prom. I was dying to go. I MEAN of course, I had been bid before but I couldn't ever make it. I knew I'd have to have an UN-USual dress because these Smith, Vassar and Wellesley women DO give me heavy competition.

We went to somebody or other's party first. My DEAR! You know how perfectly INFORMal they are. Of course, I lost Joe and annexed some one else. He was DARLing! I MEAN he ACTually was.

We finally reached the Town Club which was ADOrably fixed up just like a Venetian Garden. And there was an orchestra in both of the huge ballrooms. AND the Stags My DEAR! From two-thirty until a quarter to five I danced from one room to another without stopping once. And the boys who cut in! But this was the worst. We went to the fraternity house at six a. x. and Joe came in with some other woman. Can you BEar it? I don't think it was very nice of him, do you? But we got organized and we DID have a PERFectly Gorgeous time. I had five fraternity pins offered me. Can you BEAR it?

K. C.

## Intensive Farming

"Why are you running a steam roller over that field?" asked the stranger.

"I'm trying to raise mashed potatoes," explained the farmer.

—Lehigh Burr.

## Palm Tree Prom

(Continued from Page 1)

the college boys. They cut in on dances, disregarding such a minor thing as an introduction. What difference did it make? Tomorrow they were leaving—and tonight they must celebrate! Likeable, laughing chaps who brought such a breath of the "States" with them, who lent such a new atmosphere to our "same old crowd."

The last returns, a tie score of 21-21, came in with the breakfast the next morning. More songs, cheers, and good-natured chidings—from a smaller sleeper crowd.

The boys went back to their "university awash" and sailed away, but for many months afterward the sight of an imitative native in a turned down hat, nonchalantly swinging a cane, brought laughter and memories.

Marjorie Murray.

## The Boss Gives Orders

Professor: "See here, my man, who in the devil told you to plant all that new shrubbery in my front yard?"

Gardener: "Why, your wife, of course."

Professor: "Mighty pretty, isn't it?"

—Wabash Caveman.

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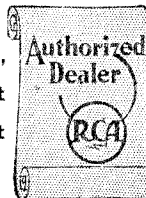
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## In the Gay Nineties

"Do I remember the Ivy Ball at Penn thirty years ago? Well, rather! you see that was when your mother said the word—just one word—that I had been waiting for."

"It was a cold night. We lived at Mt. Vernon Street at the time and your mother lived out in Merchantville. Charles hitched up the best horse in the stable—my favorite—and we started the ride through the country. Dances began at eight o'clock and were over by one. Do you hear that, daughter? Well, I got your mother and we started the drive back. It was cold and the wind whipped around us. It blew down my neck and up my sleeves. It was colder then than now—don't you think so, Bob?"

"Uh-huh."

"We got to the dance and I told Charles that we wouldn't need him because your ma was to stay with friends in town."

"The dance hall was beautifully decorated, not so elaborately as they do now because they didn't spend money on things like that in those days. They ran dances more sensibly then, too. I had to fill out your mother's dance card and I got all the nice looking well-mannered men to dance with her so she wouldn't be tied down to me. Now-a-days a poor girl has to endure talking and dancing with the same man all evening. Rather tough on both sometimes."

"There was a good orchestra and they played many waltzes and two steps. The saxophone did not blare out every two seconds nor did the cornet groan and sob. At one o'clock the dance was over. But even in those days we had refreshments afterwards and when I came home I took off my shoes and crept up stairs and dreamed."

"Can you guess of whom I dreamed?"

## The Prom Hike

(From an outside house)

Speaking of hikes, why not offer a prize to the winner of the long distance Prom hike? The route would be something like this:

First, you run over to the new dorm to dinner and attempt to eat, if at all. Then you go to chapel, trying to console yourself with the thought that tonight it is only roll-call. Once your number is taken you make a frantic dash for the outside, along with the rest of the mob, and stumble home over the uneven Jenkintown sidewalks.

(Let us draw a curtain over the next hour or two.)

More or less attired in your evening best, you trip blithely toward the old dorm, caught between the fear that you will either be blown to pieces or fall on the aforesaid sidewalks, and the hope that your man will arrive.

(Lapse of time consumed in hikes in varied forms on the dance floor.)

After the prom you cheerily (?) bid goodnight to your escort and gather your courage to skip home again with the other girls over that couple of blocks. (It's being done this season,) arriving home safe and sound, feeling not so much the worse for having walked those two blocks on dancing feet. "It was such good exercise," you say as exhausted, you climb into bed. "I'm so glad of that walk, I just hate taxis!"

A guide was taking an Englishman through Canadian woods when a weird sound was heard.

"What's that?" asked the Englishman.

"It's an owl," the guide replied. "Yes, I know it's an owl but what's 'owling'?" he asked impatiently.

## Criticism

How easy it is to criticize others!

Dr. Andrew Johnson tells the story of the man who after a certain religious service went up to the speaker and said, "I enjoyed your little talk very much but there was one thing I couldn't help noticing about it. You made a number of grammatical errors and as you went along they impressed me so much I found myself counting them. I counted up to the number of eleven."

"Without a doubt, what you say is true," replied the speaker. "I never had the opportunity to acquire an education. I admit I know very little about English grammar. But what I do have and what I do know I am using for Jesus Christ. What are you doing?"

Moral: Don't be so ready and willing to criticize other people. Remember that you yourself fall down in a great many things. Are you using your gifts to the best advantage?

### Not a Bad Idea!

Boring Young Man (holding forth to pretty girl): You know, I'm funny like that—always throw myself into anything I undertake.

Pretty Girl (sweetly): How splendid! Why don't you dig a well?—*Missouri Outlaw.*

## Nursery Rhyme for Grown-Ups

Mary had a little lamb,  
Given by a friend to keep.  
It followed her around until  
It died from want of sleep.  
—*Exchange.*

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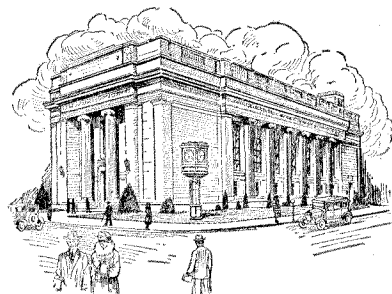
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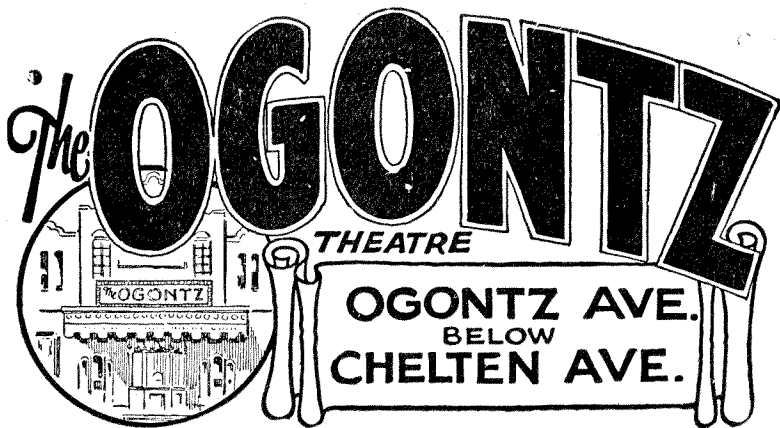
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